

## Concerning Your Last Cigarette

Laura C. Vincent

The edges of your eyes  
Blaze with the final flare  
Of your last cigarette,  
And my eyes blink in this haze.

The fuse line lolls  
Between your lips, and my lips  
Form cursive words like smoke  
Rings and fog horns.

The sidewalk takes impressions  
Of your feet, and my body,  
Bent and lingering, cleaves  
To what remains in the ashes.